

## SONG CLXVII.



To Anacreon, in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,



a few sons of harmony sent a pe-ti-tion, that he



their in-spir-er and patron would be; when this



answer ar-riv'd from the jol-ly old Grecian—"Voice,



fiddle, and flute, no longer be mute, I'll lend



you my name and inspire you to boot; and, besides,



I'll instruct you like me to in-twine the myrtle of  
Venus



Venus with Bac - chus's vine, and, besides, I'll



instruct you like me to intertwine the myrtle of Venus



with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew ;

When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs—

“ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

“ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

“ Hark ! already they cry,

“ In transports of joy,

“ Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,

“ And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to intertwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

“ The yellow-hair'd God and his nine fusty maids,

“ From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,

“ Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,

“ And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be.

“ My thunder, no fear on't,

“ Shall soon do its errand,

“ And, dam'me ! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrant,

“ I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

Apollo rose up ; and said, “ Pr’ythee ne’er quarrel,  
 “ Good king of the Gods, with my vot’ries below :  
 “ Your thunder is usefess”—then, shewing his laurel,  
 Cry’d, “ *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !

“ Then over each head

“ My laurels I’ll spread ;

“ So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,  
 “ Whilst snug in their club-room, they jovially twine  
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,

And swore with Apollo he’d cheerfully join—

“ The tide of full harmony still shall be his,

“ But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be mine.

“ Then, Jove, be not jealous

“ Of these honest fellows.”

Cry’d Jove, “ We relent, since the truth you now tell us ;  
 “ And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall intwine  
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand ;

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love !

’Tis your’s to support what’s so happily plann’d ;

You’ve the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be,

May our club flourish happy, united, and free !

And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

## SONG CLXVIII.



When dai - sies pied and vi - o - lets blue, And la - dy



smocks all fil - ver white, and cuckow buds of yel - low  
 hue